

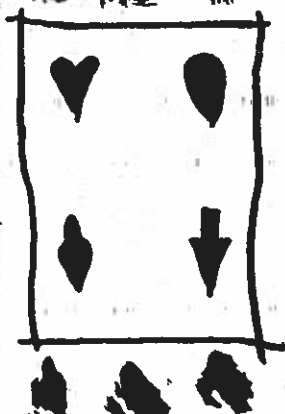
subliminally related notes & sketches

RED EYE

JOURNAL

No. 3
Vol. 1

NO
science
no
glue no
woman
not a
fucking thing
to live
for except
the
ultra-
artistic
inkwell
and my
grand-
mothers



Gross - I like it...

Saturday Night

Dearest Darling,
Fuck off.

Sincerely,
Lover B



PHOTOS BY NEEGEE.

Once - DO it again...

How disgusting - I want it...

Is it possible that my generation
is actually in such mass
despair? Did someone really
leave the window
open, letting that
ill wind blow through
our house to spread the
word, MISERY. Have we
really made some
grotesque transition
from crooning, "Oh yeah baby
my sweet you're the sweetest
thing I could ever meet,"
to unleashing primal
screams which plead with
fury, "You are the one I
call out to from the abyss"?
From Ella Fitzgerald to Godflesh?

Fuck off - please stay... love me.

Those who need scars to validate
their pain are either dim of
memory or exhibitionists. The
best/worst/most dramatic
scars tend to be like bludgeoning,
painless. That which is not felt
does not help to grow. Of
course, it is quite an ordeal
to have to go through life
headless, but did you wave
hello through the tears?

The clouds in the sky formed a back-
wards 666 in the night. You know it's
a message for the man upstairs...
from our man downstairs. Our
man has evidently gained control
of everything at cloud-level and
below. He's rising up, going all the
way. You know he's got the surface,
just look around... The faithful
call an emergency meeting. A gavel
banged for order and the chairman
intoned solemnly, "The situation is
critical." All frowned.

WHEN LIFE CALLS, I OFTEN FIND MYSELF
TAKING THE PHONE OFF THE HOOK...



FA91

David O. Font
200 SE 15th Road, Apt. 16-D
Miami, FL 33129

YOU ARE ALREADY WINCHAP